SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

IN the fall, when the ground has been ploughed and harrowed until it is soft and loose and smooth, the farmer sows his wheat. Back and forth across the big field he goes day after day until he has finished. He works long, and the labor is hard. How glad he is when he has made the last round and turns the horses toward home!

That is the seedtime. Long months of waiting must pass before he sees the field of waving grain, and rides the binder as it makes its rounds of that same field, hears the roar of the thresher and hauls away the wheat. All through the long winter he waited; but the harvest came at last, as he knew it would, for God has promised both seedtime and harvest. Because he expected the harvest he sowed his seed and waited through the long months of growing and ripening.

An acorn falls to the ground. It is very small and does not appear to hold much promise; but the warm, damp earth covers it, and it is lost from sight. That is the law of its life, without which there would be no hope, for that is the seedtime of the acorn. Now the harvest will come, for seedtime and harvest is the order that God has made.

How long it is in coming! A little shoot appears through the ground, to be sure, but no one would call that an oak tree. You could snip it off with two fingers. Another year passes, and you look at it again. It is a little larger than before, but still not an oak tree. An oak tree should be two or three feet in diameter and strong, like a pillar of marble. This is no larger than a man's thumb.

A generation has passed away. The small boy who saw the acorn fall and who watched it grow year after year is an old, white-haired man now, sitting on the porch of his home. Out in the yard children are playing. They are his grandchildren. They have a swing hung from the limb of a great oak tree, and in the shade of its wide-stretching foliage they have their playground.

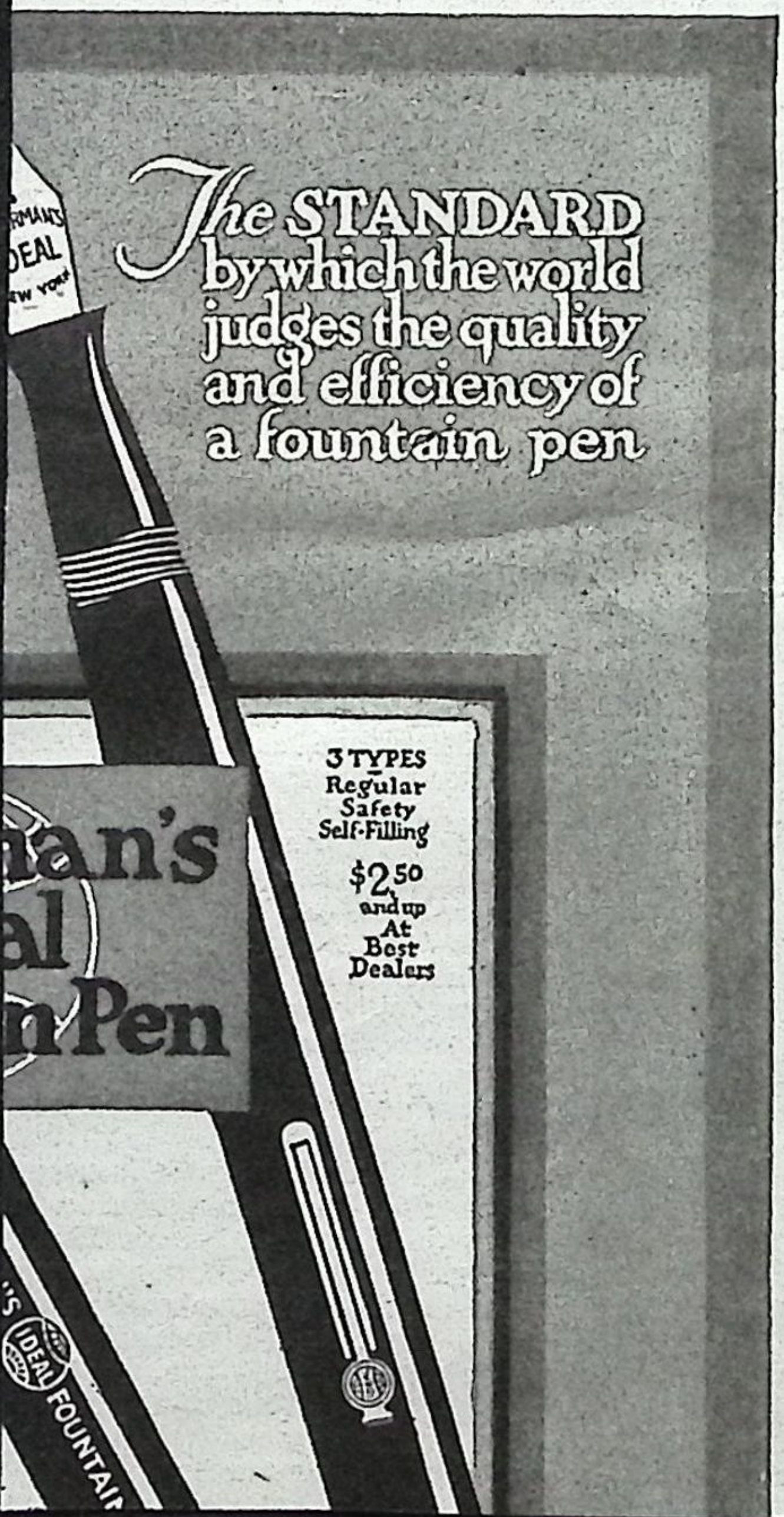
How happy they are! How many jolly times they have had under that tree! About it have gathered all the joys of childhood. The oak tree has a place in their lives with father and mother and home. It has always been there, to them; but the old man, in his reverie on the porch, remembers the fall of the acorn and the years of a long life that have passed while the harvest of that seedtime was coming to perfection.

There is seedtime and there is harvest in every life. There is home training. There are school days. There are hardships and disappointments. There are joys and sorrows. There are successes and failures. There are temptations met and overcome.

If we sow the wind, we reap the whirlwind; if we sow wild oats, we reap tares. But oh, what rejoicing there is in the harvest time of a life that has sown its good grain in the seedtime and carries home the full sheaves in the evening!

...ilore

...Brownie along.

...DAK COMPANY

...Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*